

of it would have finished them." All landmarks were lost in the storm, and after some hours of struggling through snow, and repeated^ losing the way, the early darkness compelled us to take refuge in a Kurdish village of bad repute on a bleak mountain side.

The *odah* was not only the worst I have yet seen, but it was crammed with handsome, wild-looking Kurds, and with the conscripts who had turned back at the pass, some of whom were suffering from fever, and with cavalrymen and their horses, every man trying to get near the fire. I cannot say that any of them were rude, indeed the Kurds did their best for what they supposed to be my comfort. I spent the evening among them, but slept in my tent outside, in two feet of snow, 100 yards from the stable, in spite of the protestations of the *zaptiehs*. In fact I trusted to Kurdish watchmen, who turned out faithful, and when an attempt was made to rob my tent in the night they sprang on the robbers, and after a struggle got two of them down and beat them with their guns, both sides yelling like savages. When I left the *odali* for the tent two Kurds gripped my arms and led me to it through the deep snow. It was better to run some risk than to be suffocated by the heat and overpowering odours of the stable, but it was an eerie place.

*November 21.*—The weather considerably delayed my farther progress. The days were severe, and the nights were spent in a soaked tent, pitched in slush or snow.

Mist and snow concealed the country, and few  
travellers  
were stirring. We marched with the  
powder caravan  
for the sake of the escort and for its services  
in beating  
the track, and Moussa and his men  
watched at night.  
The going was very bad, and both Moussa  
and I fell  
down hill slopes with our horses, but the  
animals luckily  
alighted on their feet. Moussa's jollity was  
very useful.  
He is a capital mimic, and used to "take  
off" Mirza in